

THREEPENCE



EVERY FRIDAY

# EAGLE

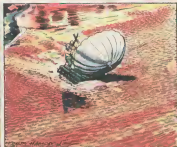
10 JUNE 1950 No. 10

## DAN DARE

### PILOT OF THE FUTURE



WE'RE ALRIGHT FOR BREATHING AS LONG AS OUR REPLENISHMENT PADS LAST—SAY SIX WEEKS—AND WE CAN FEED OURSELVES BY INJECTIONS FROM OUR VITAMIN PDS.



WHEN I'VE  
HERE'S A COMPLETELY  
NEW AND UNEXPLORED  
PLANET, AND ALL YOU  
DO IS GO TO SLEEP

EE- I'M JUST  
CONSERVING MY STRENGTH  
SIR!



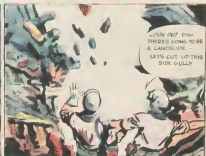
LAND HOL! RISE AND  
SHINE, ANCIENT MANDIR  
WE'RE THERE



WE WERE IN  
LUCK WITH THE  
WIND. WE'RE  
ALMOST ON OUR  
COURSE



SHANKS PONY FROM NOW  
ON - COME ON, DICK,  
THERE'S A WAY THROUGH HERE



WELL, BUT DICK,  
THERE'S GONNA TO BE  
A LANDSLIDE -  
LET'S CUT UP THIS  
SIDE GULLY



THAT'S THE  
MEANING OF  
THESE  
MEAN  
ARTIFICIAL  
CARVED  
I MEAN



MADE IT  
JUST THE  
ACCIDENTAL  
SHADE OF THE  
ROCK, SIR

IN FRONT OF  
THAT CAVE?  
I WONDER!



LET'S TAKE  
A LOOK  
INSIDE  
THE CAVE

BUNNY, HOW DO YOU GET THE  
IDEA YOU'RE BEING  
WATCHED



# The Adventures of P.C.49

FROM THE FANTASY RADIO  
series by ALAN STRANKS

WE SHOULD HAVE GONE TO THE RITZ. THERE'S A MYSTERY THRILLER ON THERE.



YOU'RE OFF DUTY NOW, ARCHIE. FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE FORGET CRIME FOR A WHILE.

HULLO, RAGS. 'FRAID WE CAN'T TAKE YOU INTO THE PICTURES.



I GUESS JIMMIE'S SOMEWHERE AROUND-THEY'RE NEVER FAR APART. COME ON, OR WE'LL MISS THE START OF THE PICTURE.

HOP IT, YOU FLEABAG! NO DOGS ALLOWED.



YOU'VE GOT A LONG WAIT AHEAD OF YOU CHUM. IT'S A TWO AND A HALF HOUR SHOW.



I WONDER IF JIMMIE WAS WITH RAGS?



SSH! QUIET, ARCHIE!

## MEANWHILE

IT LOOKS LIKE RAGS HASN'T FOUND FORTYNINE YET. WONDER WHAT I SHOULD DO?



GUESS THE BEST THING I CAN DO IS TO MAKE SURE TWO FINGERS HASN'T SLIPPED OUT THE BACK WAY.



WHAT A BREAK-A LADDER! I'D BETTER CLIMB UP AND SEE IF TWO FINGERS IS IN THAT ROOM.



I'VE GOT IT ALL DOPED OUT. WE DO OLD CARTWRIGHT THE JEWELLER TONIGHT. WE'LL GET HIM ON HIS WAY HOME FROM HIS LODGE MEETING. KNOW HIS 'GAP', CHARLIE?



SURE, BEN! DOWN MANTON STREET. THERE'S A DARK LITTLE ENTRY FOR US TO HIDE-RIGHT NEAR HIS FRONT DOOR.

THEY SAY OLD CARTWRIGHT IS WORTH A PACKET.



YEAH! HE DON'T BELIEVE IN BANKS EITHER. THEY SAY HE HIDES ALL HIS CASH IN THE ROOM OVER HIS SHOP.

NOW I'VE GOT TO FIND FORTYNINE.



I THOUGHT I HEARD SOMEBODY OUT HERE. WHAT WERE YOU DOING UP ON THAT LADDER?



CONTINUED

# PIOT AGAINST THE WORLD

by Gbad Varab



It felled him as surely as if he'd been pole-axed

## The story so far

A gang who steal and sell comic books have captured a treasure, Ted Bille, who belongs to supernatural underworld. The Professor (disguise by others as the Comptroller) Ray, a former flight-pilot, with his cousin Jim and Ken, and his sister Peg, are on the scene of the game, helped by garage-man Dick Kewling. In a coffee, Ray finds someone, sister by the gang and a message from the woman, but is trapped by the gang's well-organized in an organized manner where a Garage Man, Andy, is ordered to return out of the warehouse of the Professor's H.Q.

Meanwhile, Ken and Peg find the message which, when deciphered by the Vicar (though Bill is his friend) means Professor Gog, a refugee in charge of atomic research, is being one of the gangsters. They convince Gog from M.C. and off to go to Gog's house.

On the way Ken knows the cat and appears outside the house of Rector Fugate where Ray is imprisoned, just as the latter is escaping through the Vicar's window. Peg goes to find him and together they escape in the escape of Ray and the man (who has been turned the Comptroller, after knowing that his father is no longer held by the gangsters). But at the last moment "Gog" appears with a warning gun.

## Chapter 10

### "Will you come into my Parlour?"

DESIRABLE modern residence "your foot!" scented Gog, as he scrutinized the gloomy, rambling old house the Vicar was pointing at. "It looks ready to fall down any moment!" "What do we do now?" broke in Ken impatiently. "Do we rush the place, or sneak up on it? And have you a gun, as one Gog tries to resist arrest?"

Gog laughed. "I don't know where you get your ideas of Secret Service work, kiddie," he said. "We're not going to arrest Gog, or engage in gun-play, if I can help it. I wouldn't have brought a kid like you in here!"

"Not going to arrest him?" Ken looked horrified. "But he - he's a dirty traitor!" "So Bille's machine alleged, if I decided it correctly," said the Vicar. "But we're no proof of it, yet."

"And if we rush in without thinking," consulted Gog, "we shall probably not get the proof we want."

"It would be 'lucky if we could get 'em to lead us to some of 'is mates afore 'is suspects as we're on 'is track," suggested Dick, speaking in his own deliberate way.

"That's the idea," said Gog, looking at Dick shrewdly, as if he were noticing him for the first time. "Now, here are your orders. You, Dick, will come undisturbedly about in the neighborhood, keeping your eyes open, and never getting too far away in case any of us needs to be picked up in a hurry. The poor man's devotion - after your last remark. I'm sure you've got plenty." Dick coloured slightly, but he could nowhere find betrayed no other sign of pleasure at this word of praise. "You, Bill, will call on Gog, announcing yourself as 'the Vicar'. He won't think to ask whether it's the parish that you're the Vicar of, and you can keep him talking about anything you like to use as an excuse for your call. A subscription to your Organ Fund, or something."

"We haven't an Organ Fund," objected "Burger Bill," and I must repeat the suggestion that I call on anyone's is most likely to be a bigging expedition."

"Well, think of something better if you can," returned Gog. "The main thing is, to keep him talking whilst I snoop around and see if he's got Ted Bille imprisoned there. If you can get anything interesting out of Gog, so much the better, but whatever you do, don't arouse his suspicions."

"What about me?" asked Ken glumly, thinking he was going to be left out. "Can't I come with you, Mr. Gog?"

"I'd nearly forgotten you, sorry," said the Secret Service man, getting out of the car. "No, you go with the Vicar. He can truthfully introduce you as 'one of my boys' - you're in his club, aren't you? - and Gog will probably assume you're his son."

"Howso be that?" enquired the Vicar. Dick chuckled and drove off. When Ken turned back from seeing to him, Gog had vanished and the Vicar was already striding along the drive. Ken ran and caught him up.

The Vicar pressed his thumb firmly on the door-bell. A stilly-eyed manservant opened the door a few inches and looked at them suspiciously through the crack.

"What do you want?" he asked. The Rev. Bill Reed pushed the door further open.

"Doesn't peer at me as if I were a tramp, my son?" he boomed. "And do you usually address callers in that uncivil way?"

The man looked as if he would have liked to say something rude if the clergyman had looked him like a pug-fighter.

Kindly told Professor Gog the Vicar is calling upon him.

"He's not in," said the man; then, as "Burger Bill's" jaw stuck out pathetically, he added reluctantly, "sir."

"Nonsense! I know he's in, as you're either lying or mistaken. I'll give you the license of the door, and answer the latter." "Well, I'll go and see, but if he is, he'll be too busy to see you - sir," answered the fellow meekly. He tried to shut the door, but the visitor's number ten shoe was in the way, so he strained, glancing back nervously over his shoulder.

"How'm I doing?" asked the Vicar out of the corner of his mouth.

"Fine, sir!" confessed Ken. "I think we'll get in."

"The gaslight?" returned.

"The professor is very busy, sir, but he says he will spare you one minute if you'll wait a moment," he said. He made no move to admit them, so the Vicar strode purposefully in with Ken at his heels.

"We'll wait in the drawing-room," he murmured firmly. "You've kept us on the doorstep too long as it is."

The man looked as if he were about to argue the point, then shrugged his shoulders and led the way to a room that was beautifully furnished but didn't look as if it was used much.

"You aren't wait," snapped the Vicar. The servant looked fagged, but said. The Vicar perked his head at Ken, and the boy stood by the door with his ear close to it whilst his companion tried the drawer of the desk. They were all locked, but the Vicar plucked off the top sheet of the blotter and crammed it into his pocket.

"Well!" burst Ken, moving away from the door. When the Professor returned, they were both apparently absorbed in an oil painting so dark that on one could tell if it was a fairly good or two could be seen.

The Professor was obliging enough to look exactly like Ken's idea of a Professor. He had grey-rimmed hair hanging in a shaggy ball over a walrus moustache, yesterday's egg on

his nostrils, uncombed hair to his glasses, and a pronounced expression.

"My dear fellow!" boomed the Vicar grandly, advancing with outstretched hand. He had a grip like a bear, and the Professor winced. "How delightful to see you again! It has been a long time, hasn't it?"

"No time on Burger Bill!" thought Ken. "Gog can't be sure they haven't met before, and he'll have a job to find out whether appearing naïf."

"Yes - yes, indeed!" murmured the Professor uncertainly. He looked wildly round, noticed Ken, and addressed him with relief. "Ha, my boy! I haven't met you before, have I? What's your name?"

"Ken, sir."

If the Professor, assuming they were father and son, had hoped for a mention of the surname of his nervous visitor, he was disappointed.

"Well, Mr. - or - if - well, Vicar, what can I do for you?"

The Vicar obtained somewhat grudging permission to sit down and light his pipe, and launched into a long and involved account of the difficulties of running young people's clubs, the dilapidation of much Church finance, the problems of juvenile delinquency, and many kindred matters. He approached the subject of a "small subscription" from several different angles, but shrewdly omitted to mention his victim reached for his cheque-book and started to put him down to a definite amount or to disclose to whom or what the cheque should be made payable. Ken could almost feel sorry for the Professor, who was hopping about like a mouse in the shadow of his importance to get rid of his callers, and trying to win to get a word in edgeways.

"Burger Bill" was putting up a marvellous performance, pretending to be hard of hearing and becoming away non-stop. When Ken slipped to the door muttering something about going to the lavatory, the Professor was too drowsy to notice, though the Vicar looked up with a warning frown.

ONCE outside the door, Ken hurried stealthily down the stairs, unlocked the door, and then dodged up the stairs. The lavatory door was open, so he shut it as one he should have to pretend that he couldn't find the place. He passed swiftly along the corridor, trying doors cautiously until he came to one that was locked. He tapped gently on its door, saying with breathless politeness, "Are you going to be in there much longer?" so that if anyone but Ted Bille were in he could claim that he had misunderstood the nature of the room. However, there was no reply, so he opened the door and stepped in. He caught a glimpse of what appeared to be electrical apparatus.

He was just about to open a glass door when he heard footstep from the other side of it, and had to step into the nearest unoccupied room. He closed the door behind him a fraction of a second before the other door slammed gently on its spring, and waited, scarcely breathing, for the footstep to pass. They did pass, for a few paces - then they returned, and he pressed himself against the wall as the door opened.

"Come on out of it!" growled a voice which he recognized as that of the smooth manservant.

Ken was too paralyzed to move. His stomach seemed to turn over and he clutched his feet.

"The Vicar spoke again, obviously this time. 'Come on, now! I haven't lost you!'"

There was something more frightening to Ken as this coming than in the previous angry tone. He found himself thinking "Will you walk into my parlour?" and the spider to the fly. Then the voice ceased, more or less. "Chia-chi-chi-chi-chi!" and it was Ken. Ken could do no stop himself biting out his breath with relief. There was a plaintive "moo-moo" and a very thing as the cat jumped off the bed, and Ken caught a glimpse of the back of the footman's head as he bent his neck to see what the cat was doing with its neck. Then the door was closed and the footsteps receded.

He gave a little hysterical giggle, then

...and so on. He found himself unwilling, and so tried to head back to recover, but knowing that the Vicar might not be able to keep Gog talking much longer, he soon made for the green house door and opened up the stairs which it concealed.

There was no doubt which of the attic was the scientist's prison. One of the doors was unlocked, and had a grille in it so that food could be passed through without the grates rattling. Ken pulled back the left securing the grille, and opened the panel.

The man sitting on the pallet-bed in the cell didn't trouble to look up, until Ken whispered hoarsely, "Are you Tad Hille?" Then the man leapt to his feet and came across to the grille.

"Who are you?" he demanded.

"My name's Ken. My pal Jee found you in that cellar, but when Dick and my sister and I went for you, you'd gone."

"Yes, they came back for me within an hour on orders of Jee giving for help. I'm glad they didn't catch him. How did you get here?"

"The prisoner looked suddenly wary. "Can you get me out without Gog's help? Where is he?"

"I don't know," answered Ken to both questions. "Will that footman be coming back?"

"I expect so - any laundry says it's time for lunch. Can you pick a lock?"

"I shouldn't think so - I never have, except on any suitcase once when I lost the key."

"With my watch," said the Hille, handing a piece of metal through the grille.

"Can't you do it from your side?" asked Ken dubiously.

"No keyhole, and I've nothing to cut through with Harry, me!"

Under the direction of the imprisoned scientist, Ken twisted the best metal in the lock, and although it would turn in several positions, it would not lift all the wards at once.

"Give me a bit a minute!"

Dr. Hille went with the implement for

the time out of Ken's line of vision. Ken tried the other two doors on this landing, but they were locked. There was nowhere to hide if the manœuvre should remain.

The prisoner passed the pad-lock back. Ken was still wondering feverishly what it when he heard the rattle of cookery approaching the house door.

The sudden appearance of the man with the money put was like a cold douche to Ray. Anna, Jee and Pru, in their moment of exaltation. Apart from whirling to face him, they stood in frozen immobility, like statues. It was Pru who broke the spell.

"Why, Mr. Cash," she exclaimed, "what are you doing here?"

Ray stepped back thigh dazedly.

"Of course!" he said. "Albert Cook! I know I'd seen you before, but I couldn't place you. However did you get into the castle?"

The man's heady little eyes glared with malice.

"So you recognise me now, do you?" All the more reason to see you never get out of here alive! Now stick 'em up and turn round!"

"Take no notice of that!" commanded Anna, scornfully. Jee hastily lowered his head again, and glanced at Pru to see if she'd noticed his action. "Like all babies, he's a coward!" so on, shoot, if you dare - this neck of yours would just suit a burglar's helper!"

"Don't you say a word!" scolded the man. "Do as you're told, and don't try any tricks, or I might do something you'd be sorry for."

"You might guess, and do something you'd be sorry for," admitted Anna.

So saying, she began to walk deliberately towards him, her eyes on his. Ray needed no clearer hint to approach him too.

"Get back, you fool!" shouted Cook.

Ken advanced, but another sheltered not bothered. Cook backed away until he banged into the porch. Then, with his back against the wall, he closed his eyes and was about to blow away wildly when something crashed on his head and knocked the weapon from his



The first burst wrecked the front tyre

grille. Jee had pushed the ladder over and it had fallen on nearly as if he'd been pole-axed.

Ray lifted the ladder with his own good hand, and Anna snatched up the money-gum which had been trapped under it.

"Let's get out of here!" suggested Jee anxiously.

They all made their way as quickly as possible to the place where Pru had climbed the wall. There was no sign of pursuit.

Infamously, there seemed to be no traffic at all just when they wanted to thrust a lift. They walked on, one of them looking back frequently for signs of a bus and cry. They had walked about a quarter of a mile when Jee yelled: "Car just drives out of Fitter's gate!" They dashed for a five-barred gate into a field, and were climbing over it, when Pru, who had been giving Ray a hand, suddenly rushed back into the middle of the road, yelling and waving. As the others saw the reason they clambered back, too. A taxi was approaching at its top speed of about forty miles an hour.

It pulled up alongside them, and Jee piled in on top of Dr. Briggs, Jee driving round to the other door to save time. "Turn, driver - that car's after us, and they're armed!" yelled Ray.

"Hurry!" screamed the cabbie, lurching squintly with his gears. "If I ever get out of this alive..."

He had the cab sprang right across the road as the other car approached at speed. The passengers pulled up with a shriek of brakes, but by the time they had braked out, the cab was off, and they had to get in again.

The brief start they had been being rapidly reduced by the faster car when Dr. Briggs said, very pointedly for Jee, "Escape me, young lady," and took the money-gum Jee Anna, who seemed to have forgotten she still had it, and leaped out of the window. There was a noisy whistling sound, and Jee yelled "Got 'em!"

The Doctor's first burst had wrecked both the front tyre of the pursuing car, which was now banging along almost out of control. As it stopped, a man sprang out and fired at the retreating taxi, but the only tyre he hit was the spare one, and the cab was soon out of range.

"Don't you ever try to 'let my car again, my of you," shouted the terrified driver, covering desperately as he turned to glare at his passengers. "I shall waste double fare, and damages, that I shall. You did oughter 'a knowed better, Dr. Briggs."

The Doctor smiled back. He was sitting back between Jee and Pru, with a hostile smile on his face.

"I'm a man of peace," he remarked dreamily. "A respectable citizen pursuing an honorable calling. I've been deprived of my car, I've had my wife snatched from my very nose by a young hussy who wants a good spanking, and I've been left on the fringe of all the excitement of the last sixteen hours or so, and I feel bored. It's all been worth it."

"I'm glad to hear you say that, Doctor," said Ray gruffly, "because if that 'plane isn't going to machine-gun us, I'll send back my D.F.C."

To be continued next week

ADVERTISEMENT ANNOUNCEMENTS

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Won by Ex-R.A.F. Apprentices—the V.C.—the G.C.—

## THE SHARP BOY

RESCUES LOST CHILDREN

Panel 1: "SILLY CHILDREN! THEY'LL BE DROWNED!"

Panel 2: "WHAT'S THIS? A MESSAGE IN CODE!"

Panel 3: "FIFTEEN SYMPHONY PHINS for a grateful rescue!"

Panel 4: "PLEASE ROW HARD ITS GETTING ROUGH!"

Panel 5: "AT LAST!"

Panel 6: "WE'RE MEETING YOUR SHIP!"

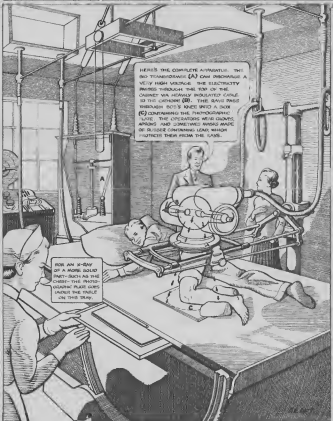
Panel 7: "COME! NOW SHARP'S THE WORD FOR TOFFEE"

Panel 8: "MURPHY SAID SHE'D BUY LOTS OF SHARPS WHEN HER SHIP CAME HOME"

Panel 9: "COLMAN"

**Sharps THE WORD FOR TOFFEE**

# PROFESSOR BRITAIN EXPLAINS: X-RAY



## Any Questions?

Write to Professor Britain, C/O EAGLE, if you have any questions or problems you would like him to deal with. He will be on this page from time to time.

# SETH AND SHORTY - COWBOYS



THE COWBOYS WHILE  
OUT ON A CATTLE ROUND-UP  
ARE ATTACKED BY INDIANS



WELL THE INJUNS  
HEY BAMBOOZLED—  
AND THE BEGGERS  
GOOD JOB THE  
COMANCHES  
HEY NO RIFLES.



YEP! I'M THINKIN'  
IF BLACK JAKE  
AND CO. WAS TO  
START A GUN  
SUNDAY RACKET  
... WAIL, WHERE'D  
WE BE?

PETE! WHAT THE HECK IS  
ALL THIS FIGHTIN' ABOUT?  
THIS RAIN, ABOUT  
FIFTY HUNDREDS FROM  
THREE HUNDREDS? WHAT'S  
THIS WESTERN GAMES  
GAME?



I KINDA THINK SOMETHIN'  
BIG - HE'S STEALIN' CATTLE  
TO RAISE MONEY FOR SURE  
I GUESSED... HE WILL  
RAISE A BIT ON OURS  
DANG HIM!



PARDNERS! WE'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO  
THE SANCH AND ACQUAINT THE  
BOSS OF HIS LOSS. NICE, SMART  
OUTFIT WE ARE. WELL, ANY  
QUESTIONS?



HEARN! TAKE A LOOK AT THE SKY  
----- IT SURE LOOKS AS IF  
WE'RE IN FOR A SHORTER.



LOOK PARDNERS! THE CATTLE—  
THEY'VE STAMPEDED FROM  
THE INJUNS IN THE STORM.  
DID YOU EVER  
KNOW SUCH LUCK!  
PORK YER HOSSES!



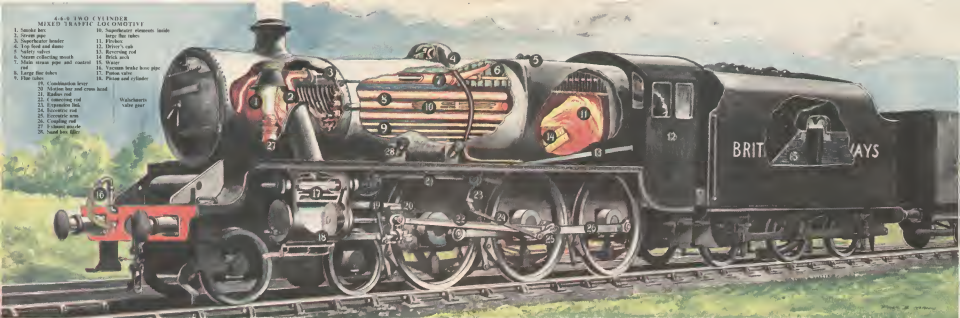
CONTINUED...



# 4-6-2 TWO CYLINDER MIXED TRAFFIC LOCOMOTIVE

1. Smoke box
2. Steam pipe
3. Superheater boiler
4. Top feed and damper
5. Safety valve
6. Steam collecting mouth
7. Main steam pipe and control rod
8. Large flue tubes
9. Flue valve
10. Superheated steam inlet
11. Piston
12. Driver's cab
13. Reversing rod
14. Piston rod
15. Water
16. Vacuum brake hose pipe
17. Piston valve
18. Piston and cylinder
19. Compression lever
20. Motion bar and cross head
21. Radial rod
22. Connecting rod
23. Expansion link
24. Eccentric rod
25. Eccentric arm
26. Coupling rod
27. Flange wheel
28. Sand box filler

Walsworth  
valve gear



## SKIPPY THE KANGAROO

BY DANET, DUBRISAY, GENÈSTRE

AN ANDRÉ SARUT  
PRODUCTION





## HEROES OF THE CLOUDS

FOR THE PAST THREE WEEKS CAD HAS BEEN TELLING YOU THE STORY OF THE FIRST MEN TO FLY. SO NOW FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO ARE MORE INTERESTED IN RECORDS AND PLACES, "I'M GOING TO TALK SOME GUY ON ONE WONDERFUL MOUNTAIN, THE 'EL BRACON' THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD. MY NAME IS DICK MCKINNON AND IN A TEST FLIGHT FOR A WELL KNOWN AIRCRAFT COMPANY."



*The BRISTOL BRABAZON, the largest Airliner in the World*



THE PRELIMINARY DESIGN OF THE SUBSONIC JETLINER BEING MADE HERE FIRST FLIGHT LAST SUMMER. THE PROTOTYPE COST THREE MILLION DOLLARS, AND SUBSEQUENT AIRCRAFT WILL BE EXPENDED ON THE NORTH ATLANTIC CROSSINGS TO AFRICA WHEN ABOUT 100 PASSENGERS WILL BE CARRIED IN LUXURIOUS COMFORT. HERE IS A VIEW OF THE SUBSONIC FLYING CRUISE, NEW YORK AIRCRAFT WITH S.O.A.C.

SOME IDEA OF THE SIZE OF THE "DRAGON" CAN BE GAINED BY THIS VIEW OF A YAMAGUCHI FIGHTER, FLYING ALONGSIDE THE "TALLIT." THE WINGSPAN OF THE "DRAGON" IS 230 FEET TO THE MAIN GUN'S 40 FEET. . . AND SHE BRINGS HOME NEWS OF THE "TALLIT" AS WELL AS THE "DRAGON."



IN ORDER TO ACCOMMODATE THE BOEING 747 A SPECIAL HANGAR HAD TO BE BUILT AT FIDON DISBURS, AND AN AIRCRAFT SYSLAND THAT A VILLAGE HAD DEMONSTRATED TO SAVE THE AIRCRAFT SURVIVANT ROOM FOR THIS OFF NOTE THE COURTESY EXTENDING AIRLINES



There is a view of the engine installation of the 'Majestron' there are four power units, each composed of 2 selected controllers and color radial engines geared to a common airscrew. Only three of these engines are shown.

LARGE VERSIONS OF THE BOMBARDIER WILL BE FITTED WITH BOMBARDIER'S PATENTED AIRCRAFT WINGS. THE CRUISING SPEED OF THE AIRCRAFT IS 20 MPH OVER A RANGE OF 54-60 MPH. AT PRESENT, FLIGHT TESTING IS STILL IN PROGRESS, SO IT WILL BE SOME TIME BEFORE WE'LL BE OPERATIONAL.



## DISCOVERING THE COUNTRYSIDE

by John Byke

## ASPS



WE'VE SEEN QUITE A FEW WASPS FLYING IN AND OUT OF THAT HOLE IN THE BANK WHILE WE'VE BEEN LISTENING HERE.

YES, THERE'LL  
BE A NEST INSIDE  
THOSE WINGS WILL BE  
TAKING YOU IN FOR  
THE FIGHT.



THE NEST IS STARTED BY A FEMALE OR QUEEN WASP WHO HAS INSEMINATED THROUGH THE WINTER. AFTER CHOOSING A SUITABLE HOLE SHE ENLARGES IT INTO A COMPARTMENT TO HOUSE HER NEST. SHE THEN RUNS TO SOME OLD TREE OR FENCE AND CHISELS AWAY STRIPS OF WOOD.



THE WOOD IS CHIPPED INTO BALLS OF PULP AND FROM THESE SHE MAKES THE CELLS WHICH FORM HER NEST. THE FIRST CELLS ARE FASTENED TO THE BOOR OF THE COMBINATION TO WHICH SHE ADDS MORE LAYERS HANGING DOWNWARDS. IN THESE CELLS THE FIRST EGGS ARE LAID AND WHEN THE GRUBS HATCH, SHE FEEDS THEM WITH MOSSES AND CATERPILLARS.



WHEN THE FIRST YOUNG WASPS COME FROM THE CELLS, THEY HELP THE QUEEN BY ENLARGING THE NEST, BUILDING MORE CELLS, AND BRINGING FOOD TO THE NEW GRUBS. FOR THE QUEEN NOW STAYS AT HOME AND CENTER HER TIME TO LAYING MORE EGGS IN THE NEW CELLS.



THERE IS ANOTHER TYPE OF WASP. THE WOOD WASP. IT BUILDS ITS NEST FROM BRANCHES OF BUSHES OR TREES. THE CELLS ARE BUILT IN EXACTLY THE SAME MANNER, WITH AN OUTER COVERING OF PAPERY MATERIAL. THE WOOD WASP IS SLIGHTLY SMALLER THAN THE COMMON WASP.



# EAGLE CLUB

## AND EDITOR'S PAGE

16 June 1950

### The Editor's Office

EAGLE

43 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.4

**W**HAT a Philistine! It is, according to David E. Tuttle of Plymouth, the collecting of match-box covers.

That's something we learned from the what do you like best? Competition in GOLF No. 3. (Incidentally there are quite a large number of "Philistines" in the EAGLE Club.)

We were very nearly snowed under, but not quite, by all the lots of hobbies you sent along, and very interesting too they were too. Selecting the one we liked best was a tremendous job; so much so, that we have decided to award three prizes instead of one.



Freddie Austin of 2 Chantry Road, Brighton sent us the list for which we are awarding the first of the prizes. Her interests start from what we might call the most hobbies, like those we found on the coasters include "Drawing up", "Doing the Housework", "Making Sewing", "Reading the Bible", "Sitting in the Dark", "Going on Bus Routes", "Shortbread and Toffee", "Nursing", "Dressmaking", "Watching Weddings", "Baby Nursing", "Making Names" and fifty-four more. It seemed to us a most varied and comprehensive list, showing a good deal of originality.

Two others we have picked out for prizes are Frank L. Tobey, 136 Litchfield Road, Rochester, whose list includes picnicking. (We are leaving a number of new words in this competition. I imagine that picnicking means 'sore of fish') and John Bowers, 21 Ravecroft Road, Newark-on-Trent, who includes archery and peppery among his interests.

I also think we ought to send five bob to David Tuttle for teaching us what philistines means.

There are a great many other lists almost equally good and we have certainly been astonished by the wide variety of hobbies and interests shown by 1,000 readers. We are giving carefully through all the lists so as to get a clear picture of what you like doing now. It will be a very great help in planning further activities of the Club. It is clear that we shall have to organise a good number of hobby groups in which all Eagles with similar interests can join. So far, you remember, we have made a start with forming the Model Car Club.

Even now, we announce our second MUG (and you know it's a mug) we had said, that it is a thoroughly deserved award.

Here are the names of some others who have been elected MUGS. We shall announce others from time to time as later issues as space allows.

There is, for example, Hoyar-old John Watkins from Lincoln who has saved two people from drowning in a year. He is a patrol leader of the 22nd Troop of Lincoln Scouts and has been awarded the gift cross and bar. There is Victor Crouch of 103 Galloway Road, Shepherd's Bush, London, who one day saw two boys diving a dog off a cliff into the sea. He tackled the boys and got badly hurt. But he kept on and then, although these were glass and stones in the water, he jumped in and saved the dog from being washed out to sea.

There is Elizabeth McHutchison who runs across a little girl of seven playing on the footpath. The little girl dashed into the road after her ball - on the path of an oncoming car. Elizabeth ran out and grabbed the little girl and got her back to the pavement just in time.

There is Ray Davies of 18 Spark Street, Birmingham. He has given up many nights of his time to look after an elderly couple who have been ill and had no one to care for them.

We have only room for these four examples this week. They all seem to us to have done something special which deserves the award of the Mug. There are many others to tell you about later.

Yours sincerely,

THE EDITOR

## MUG OF THE MONTH

ANTHONY PEEL



Eleven-year-old Anthony Peel of Lough Avenue, Maple, Cheshire, returned to his home last one night soaked to the skin and covered with mud. He was splashed and sent to bed for "taking out a pond."

The true story was not known until a little later when Mrs. Down called at the Peel's - and disclosed that Anthony was a hero. He had rescued her boy Bernie from the 6 ft. deep Peck River Canal. He had heard cries and ran to the canal bank, dove in and brought Bernie to the side.

## COMPETITION CORNER

There are prizes for all competitors again this week. You can send all your entries in one envelope, but please put your name and address and club number on each. Address to Competitions, EAGLE, 4 New Street Square, London, E.C.4

**1. SEQUELS** From the thousands of replies received to the Fill-in competition some weeks ago it is obvious that a great many of you are very keen on drawing. So here is something rather more difficult. Our artist has drawn one picture and has left the empty space for you to use your imagination and draw the missing part, the sequel. If you don't want to cut the page tear the blank square on a piece of paper. National Savings Certificates of £1 will be given for the three most original "Sequels" received not later than June 21st.



**2. POPULARITY COMPETITION, No. 2** Write on a postcard, in order numbered 1 to 6, your choice of the six books you have read which you enjoyed most. Prices of a £1 National Savings Certificate will be awarded to those who give correctly the books in the order of popularity agreed by the judges.

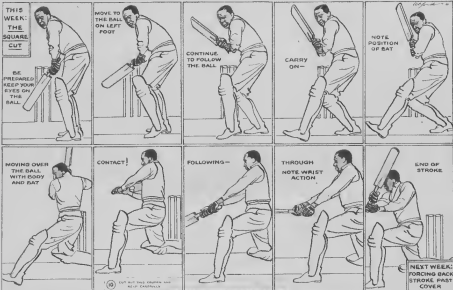
**3. THE NOISES THEY MAKE.** You all know that parents talk and children chatter, but do you know the noises made by (a) donkeys, (b) horses, (c) lawnmowers, (d) saws, (e) bees, (f) byres, (g) dogs, (h) crickets, (i) grasshoppers? A prize of a £10 National Savings Certificate will go to the sender of the first correct solution opened on June 21st.

## CAPTAIN PUGWASH





# CRICKET COACHING BY LEARIE CONSTANTINE



HEY SPORTS!—YOUR GUY  
MAY WANT TO GET AS A HIGHMAN FROM THAT  
STORY IN JOHN—BUT HE'S GOT A 9 PAIR HIBBY AND  
THEY'RE THE ONLY PEOPLE WHO SWEET A 9 PAIR HIBBY AND  
SHOULD IN ANYWAY, IN EVERY CASE TO GET HE AND IF THAT NEW  
GUY THAT SELL WITH A TEN DOLLAR HAT—NO  
THE SPORTS!

MADE ESPECIALLY FOR YOU AND YOU AND YOU!!

ALL Leather

**COWBOY SUITS**

Short 6th Canebrake  
with adjustable shoe  
strap, reinforced  
leather suit,  
any shape and color, hat and "tee" gun  
holder. Suitable ages 6 to 12. If required  
complete with "tee" gun  
and 4(1), or separately 7/6 and free.

(EAGLE READING DEPT.)

**A 4-POLE WIGWAM**

**37/6**

A child can erect it  
alone. 12 ft. overall  
height—3 poles  
round, 10 ft. long—  
disappearing  
single light material—4 collaps-  
ible poles for easy storage—40  
square inches—can be used  
indoor or outdoor, even in strong  
breeze. Produced on Island (Barnes) Reg. 10/11  
for 1/2 net. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

**NEW STAR MAKES BIG HIT!**

MADE presents

**Banjo**

Crisp! Thrilling!

Delicious!

And only  
**ONE POINT**



Two delicious, crisp, nut-  
tarian wafers, each flavoured  
in luscious milk chocolate.

**NOW SHOWING**

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DEPARTMENT

**RIDDALLS SPORTS & GAMES**  
TOWER BRIDGE ROAD, LONDON, S.E. 1 & BRANCHES

Announcing the new Table Game which has been generally requested  
by all Subbuteo "Table Soccer" owners

**THE HIT OF THE CENTURY!**  
The NEW Companion Game to

**SUBBUTEO**

'TABLE  
SOCCER'

**NOW AVAILABLE! SUBBUTEO Regd.**

**'TABLE CRICKET'**

The Replica of Test and County Cricket

Played with teams of miniature men, ball and stumps with bats. Over are bowling,  
double wickets, and all the "outs" such as clean bowled, stumped, caught, etc.  
Goalkeepers, batsmen and even batsmen bowling. Has for six, four, and odd men.  
HERE IS A CRICKET GAME BASED ON SUMMER "TABLE SOCCER"  
PRINCIPLES WHERE ALL THE PRINCIPLES OF THE GREAT SUMMER GAME  
IS AT LAST OBTAINED.

Be the first on the field in readiness for the forthcoming Cricket Season.

Send stamp for full details and order form to

P. A. ADOLPH, 44 The Lodge, Langton Green, TUNBRIDGE WELLS, Kent



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**LIQUORICE  
ALLSORTS**

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treasures  
worth looking for!



# ROB CONWAY IN SEARCH OF A SECRET CITY



**Walls**  
ICE CREAM

Presents

**TOMMY WALLS** *The Wonder Boy*

TOMMY AND THE BOYS ARE ENJOYING SUPER WALLS ICE CREAM AS THEY WALK ALONG THE HIGH STREET.



GOSH / DO YOU SEE THOSE TWO MEN, THEY'VE JUST HELD UP THE BANK!



THE LUCKY "W" SIGN! I MAY BE ABLE TO STOP THEM.



PHLU!



SCREECH



CRASH!



WHAT A SHOT, TOMMY!



THEY'RE ALL KNOCKED OUT FLAT!

THAT WAS A VERY PLUCKY THING TO DO, MY LAD. I WISH WE HAD MORE CHAPS ON THE SPOT LIKE YOU.



THE POLICE OFFICER SAID THEY HAVE BEEN LOOKING FOR THE LEADER OF THAT LOT FOR SOME TIME.



GEE! THAT CAR WAS SHIFTING!

YOU BOYS SEEM TO HAVE DONE A GOOD DAY'S WORK.

TO KEEP YOU FIT AND READY FOR ANYTHING THERE'S NOTHING LIKE WALL'S ICE CREAM.



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# THE GREAT ADVENTURER



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